

of seventy-five or one hundred spiderlings up and down on her back, but as they become stronger, some of them climb up and down the tunnel themselves, but the greater number cling to the body of the mother.

By-and-bye the tiny spiderlings begin to climb to the top of the turret and spin little threads upon which they sail away, or descend into the grass, where they soon make similar homes for themselves, which they enlarge as they themselves grow bigger. Sometimes the mother stands at the top of the turret and scrapes off an armful—no, a forelegful, for she does it with her foreleg—of the little ones that still cling to her, and tosses them into the grass herself.

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 16, 1895.

### ONE YEAR'S RECORD.

VERY tiny and pale the little girl looked as she stood before those three grave and dignified gentlemen. She had been ushered into the Rev. Dr. Gordon's study, where he was holding counsel with two of his deacons, and now, upon inquiry into the nature of her errand, a little shyly preferred the request to be allowed to become a member of his church.

"You are quite too young to join church," said one of the deacons. "You had better run home, and let us talk to your mother."

She showed no sign of running, however, as her wistful blue eyes travelled from one face to another of the three gentlemen sitting in their comfortable chairs; she only drew a step nearer to Dr. Gordon. He arose, and, with the gentle courtesy that ever marked him, placed her in a small chair close beside himself.

"Now, my child, tell me your name, and where you live."

"Annie Graham, sir, and I live on K— Street. I go to your Sunday-school."

"You do? and who is your teacher?"

"Miss B—. She is very good to me."

"And you want to join my church?"

The child's face glowed as she leaned eagerly towards him, clasping her hands; but all she said was, "Yes, sir."

"She cannot be more than six years old," said one of the deacons, disappearingly.

Dr. Gordon said nothing, but quietly regarded the small, earnest face, now becoming a little downcast.

"I am ten years old—older than I look," she said.

"It is not usual for us to admit any one so young to membership," he said, thoughtfully; "we never have done so; still—"

"It may make an undesirable precedent," remarked the other deacon.

The Doctor did not seem to hear, as he asked, "You know what joining the church is, Annie?"

"Yes, sir;" and she answered a few questions that proved she comprehended the meaning of the step she wanted to take. She had slipped off her chair, and now stood close to Dr. Gordon's knee.

"You said last Sabbath, sir, that the lambs should be in the fold."

"I did," he answered, with one of his own lovely smiles. "It is surely not for us to keep them out. Go home now, my child. I will see your friends and arrange to take you into membership very soon."

The cloud lifted from the child's face, and her expression, as she passed through the door he opened for her, was one of entire peace.

Inquiries made of Annie's Sunday-school teacher proved satisfactory, she was baptized the following week, and, except for occasional information from Miss B. that she was doing well, Dr. Gordon heard no more from her for about a year. Then he was summoned to her funeral.

It was one of June's hottest days, and as the Doctor made his way along the narrow street on which Annie had lived he wished for a moment that he had asked his assistant to come instead of himself. But as he neared the house the crowd filled him with wonder; progress was hindered, and as he passed he paused for a moment his eyes fell on a crippled lad, crying bitterly, as he sat on a low doorstep.

"Do you know Annie Graham, my lad?" he asked.

"Know her, is it, sir? Niver a week passed but what she came twice or thrice with a picture or book, mayhap an apple for me, an' it's owin' to her an' no clergy at all that I'll ever follow her blessed footsteps to heaven. She'd read me from her own Bible whenever she came, an' now she's gone there'll be none at all to help me, for mother's dead and dad's drunk, an' the sunshine is gone from Mike's sky with Annie, sir."

A burst of sobs choked the boy. Dr. Gordon passed on, after promising him a visit very soon, making his way through the crowd of tear-stained, sorrowful faces. The Doctor came to a stop again in the narrow passageway of the little house. A woman stood beside him drying her fast-falling tears, while a wee child hid his face in her skirts and wept.

"Was Annie a relative of yours?" the Doctor asked.

"No, sir; but the blessed child was at our house constantly, and when Bob here was sick she nursed and tended him, and her hymns quieted him when nothing else seemed to do it. It was just the same with all the neighbours. What she's been to us no one but the Lord will ever know; and now she lies there."

Recognized at last, Dr. Gordon was led to the room where the child lay at rest, looking almost younger than when he had seen her in his study a year ago. An old bent woman was crying aloud by the coffin.

"I never thought she'd go afore I did. She used to run in regular to read an' sing to me every evening, an' it was her talk an' prayers that made a Christian of me; you could almost go to heaven on one of her prayers."

"Mother, mother, come home," said a young man, putting his arm round her to lead her away; "you'll see her again."

"I know, I know; she said she'd wait for me at the gate," she sobbed, as she followed him; "but I miss her sore now."

A silence fell on those assembled, and, marvelling at such testimony, Dr. Gordon proceeded with the service, feeling as if there was little more he could say of one whose deeds thus spoke for her. Loving hands had laid flowers all around the child who had led them. One tiny lassie had placed a dandelion in the small, waxen fingers, and now stood, abandoned to grief, beside the still form that bore the impress of absolute purity. The service over, again and again was the coffin lid waved back by some one longing for one more look, and they seemed as if they could not let her go.

The next day a good-looking man came to Dr. Gordon's house and was admitted into his study.

"I am Annie's uncle, sir," he said simply. "She never rested till she made me promise to join the church, and I've come."

Dr. Gordon sat in the twilight, resting, after his visitor had left. The summer

breeze blew in through the windows, and his thoughts turned backward and dwelt on what his little parishioner had done.

Truly a marvellous record for one year. It is well said, "Their angels do always behold the face of my Father."—*The Christian Arbitrator*.

### TRAIN THE BOYS TO BUSINESS.

THERE is one element in the home instruction of boys to which too little attention has been given; and that is the cultivation of habits of punctuality, system, order, and responsibility.

In many households boys' lives between twelve and seventeen years are generally the calmest of their existence. Up in the morning just in season for breakfast; nothing to do but to start off early enough not to be late; looking upon an errand as taking so much time and memory away from enjoyment; little thought of personal appearance except when reminded by mother to "spruce up," a little; finding his wardrobe always where mother puts it; in fact having nothing to do but enjoy himself. Thus his life goes on until school ends. Then he is ready for business. Vain thought! At this point he perhaps meets with his first great struggle. Many times during our business experiences have we witnessed failures caused by the absence of a thorough home discipline.

He goes into an office where everything is system, order, precision. He is expected to keep things neat and orderly, sometimes kindle fires, or do errands,—in short to become a part of a nicely regulated machine, where everything moves in systematic grooves, and each one is responsible for correctness in his department, and where, in place of ministers to his comfort, he finds taskmasters, more or less lenient to be sure, and everything in marked contrast to his previous life. In many instances the change is too great. Errors become numerous; blunders overlooked at first get to be a matter of serious moment; then patience is overtaken, and the boy is told his services are no longer needed. This is the first blow, and sometimes he never rallies from it. Then comes the surprise of the parents, who too often never know the real cause, nor where they have failed in the training of their children.

What is wanted is for every boy to have something special to do; to have some duty at a definite hour, and to learn to watch for that time to come; to be answerable for a certain portion of the routine of the household; to be trained to anticipate the time when he may enter the ranks of business, and be fortified with habits of energy, accuracy, and application, often of more importance than superficial book-learning.

### THE PIANO.

WOULD it be a comfort when practicing scales before breakfast on a cold morning to reflect that, during the past hundred and fifty years, there is no musical instrument which has so advanced from the original idea as the piano?

In its infancy the piano was but a harp with two or three strings. Not much scope for scales there! From time to time more strings were added, until the cithera, in the shape of the letter P, and owing ten strings, was formed. Somewhere about the year 1200 an inventive genius conceived the idea of stretching these strings across an open box, and so the dulcimer made its appearance, the strings being struck with hammers. For another hundred years these hammers were handled by the player, but about the year 1300 somebody invented a keyboard, by means of which the hammers could be moved. Our piano having developed thus far is known as clavicytherium, or keyed cithera. Quite a grown-up name!

In Queen Elizabeth's time it was called a virginal; next a spinet, on account of the hammers being covered with spines or quills to catch the wires. Known as the harpsichord from 1700 to 1800, it was much enlarged and improved. In 1710, Bartolomeo Cristofoli, an Italian, invented a keyboard such as we have now, causing hammers to strike the wires from above, and thus developing the pianoforte, commonly shortened into the one word, piano.

### Unfurl the Temperance Flag.

BY LEWELLYN A. MORRISON.

UNFURL the Temperance flag to-day!  
Its folds fling to the breezes!  
Let knaves to vice their homage pay!  
Oppose its sway who pleases:  
Rum's fiendish force our land enslaves  
With party leaders blinking,  
While thousands go to nameless graves  
Thro' drinking, drinking, drinking.

A Voice rings out above the din  
Of Time's discordant noises,  
Our sordid, vice-bound souls to win  
To all which virtue prizes;  
Eternal issues hang on each,  
While blood-bought souls are sinking  
Where Hope and Mercy never reach  
Thro' drinking, drinking, drinking.

'Tis God, the nation's King, who calls  
While low-down passions bind us,  
And through the languor that enthralts  
We miss the good assigned us.  
Up now, ye men who love the right!  
Who for her weal are thinking!  
And God will arm you for the fight  
'Gainst drinking, drinking, drinking.

We lift our hands; we seal our faith;  
In freedom's name united;  
We fear not rum, nor hate, nor death,  
For Temperance pledged and plighted:  
We stand where freemen all should stand—  
No patriot duty shrinking—  
Combined to banish from our land  
This drinking, drinking, drinking.  
"The Elms," Toronto.



JUNIOR LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

November 24, 1895.

BE CONTENTED.—Exodus 20. 17.

A covetous spirit is a miserable spirit. Covetousness is idolatry, a sin which God holds in utter abhorrence, one which Christ often spoke against. Hear his words, "Take heed and beware of covetousness." If people do not resolutely and determinately oppose this evil, it will take them captive and involve them in indescribable misery. It is said that when the Mexicans asked Cortez why the Spaniards were so anxious for gold he replied that they suffered from a disease of the heart for which gold was a remedy. Not an infallible remedy however, because we frequently find that the more people get the more they want. Their feeling is that they just want a little more, and the trouble is that the cry for "a little more" continues no matter how much may have been aquired. Nothing that is owned by another should be desired by us unless we can purchase it at a fair, reasonable price. Juniors should remember that "it is more blessed to give than to receive," hence they should guard against always desiring to be the recipients of favours from others. A large abundance of the things of this world is not essential to happiness. Sometimes the richest men are the most miserable. Having food and raiment learn therewith to be content. Paul said respecting himself, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content."

### THE FOOLISH FRIENDS.

IN the depth of a forest there lived two foxes. One of them said one day, in the politest fox language, "Let's quarrel." "Very well," said the other; "but how shall we set about it?" They tried all sorts of ways; but it could not be done, because each one would give way. At last one fetched two stones. "There," said he, "you say they're yours, and I'll say they're mine, and we will quarrel and fight and scratch. Now, I'll begin. Those stones are mine." "Very well," answered the other; "you are welcome to them." "But we shall never quarrel at this rate!" cried the other, jumping up and licking his face. "You old simpleton! Don't you know it takes two to make a quarrel any day?" So they gave it up as a bad job, and never tried to play at this silly game again.